

ALBERTUS



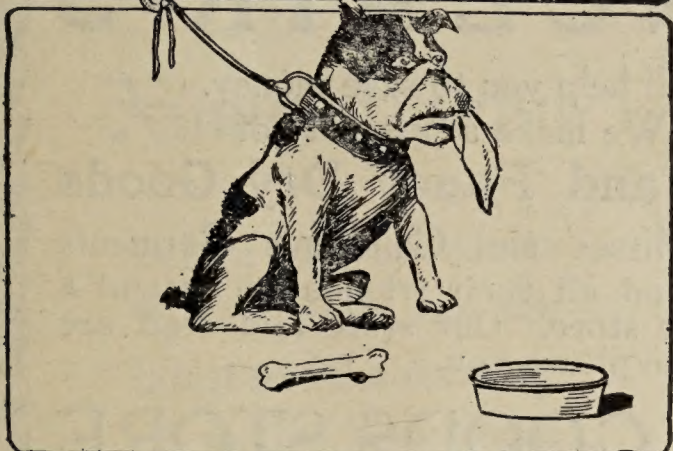
NOVEMBER

1913

ALBERT COLLEGE

ONTARIO PRESSES

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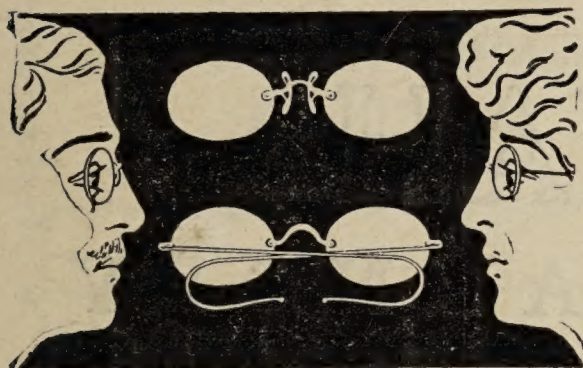
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ALBERTUS

ALBERT COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1913

Our College Paper

ALL HAIL TO THE RESURRECTED *Albert College Times* ! It appears under a new name but will have the same purpose and breathe forth the same high ideals as characterized the paper of the past. That purpose is to give expression to the life and work of the College in all its phases. Those ideals are the cultivation of all those qualities of head and heart which go to make up the highest and truest types of manhood and womanhood.

Our school is a home. We are one family and our monthly ed-

ition of "Albertus" is our letter to the outside world. We are sure that our readers would like to hear from us more frequently but you must not forget what we are here for—study, hard, faithful study.

The password of our fellowship is Truth ; the object of our organization is Service ; the end of our existence is helpfulness to all mankind.

We greet you, our readers, in the name of all that is best in the life of our nation and assure you that we will do our part in giving Canada her place among the nations of the world.

- - -

The Speech from the Throne

Saturday, October 11, 1913. Prof. Staples

Honorable Gentlemen of
the House ; Gentlemen of
the House of Commons :

It gives me the greatest pleasure to welcome you to this the first session of the hundred and sixth Parliament of Canada for consideration of public business.

On this most auspicious occasion of the opening of His Majesty's Parliament, I feel myself peculiarly and particularly honored in the privilege that is mine of looking out upon such a sea of human bipeds whose rising

tide of applause has just died out upon my ears and whose intelligent looks goad me on to do my "dirtiest."

Allow me in the first place to congratulate this country in the wise choice which they have made in placing the management of the country's affairs in the hands of such illustrious and dignified men as we see before us to-night. Years of practical experience in English politics coupled with a massive eye and eagle brain has given Lord Ransom such a grasp of affairs both

social and economic that at the present he stands in the forefront of the world's statesmen. His tactfulness in buying for Mrs. Pankhurst a box of bonbons so tamed that ferocious woman that even her husband can live in the same city with her without fear of bodily harm. Even our beloved sovereign King George felt Lord Ransom's loss so keenly that he is said to have fallen on His Lord's neck and shed tears so copiously that a dozen handkerchiefs were drenched, and he was heard to utter amidst his sobs as Lord Ransom left him these touching words, "My kingdom for a dry handkerchief."

Great however as are our statesmen, our country is even greater. True it is that pessimists have been picturing for us a forboding future, and claim that following the past decade of prosperity we are now to be visited with ten years of chaos, anarchy, war, bloodshed and ruin, but gentlemen in spite of last years drouth, in spite of the fires which swept parts of our northern districts, in spite of the heat, in spite of the financial stringency, in spite of all the spites, we are to-day flourishing as we never did before. True it is some have been struck by the lack of money but to-night gentlemen there is not one of us but is the proud owner of a postage stamp. Our treasury is overflowing in spite of the stringency and it is the purpose to celebrate the occasion by the removal of all taxes for the period of one day.

Unqualified success has at-

tended the efforts of the present government in serving the very best equipment in athletic lines. Messengers were dispatched to all parts of the dominion in search of the most capable and efficient director and gentlemen we are pleased to be able to say that after having interviewed all the powers that be, we have at last secured in the person of Mr. Powers a man who is *maximus et optimus*, which being translated according to the Bowery manuscript means "right up to snuff." Even at this juncture a marked improvement can be noted. No longer are we confronted with the sight of hollow-chested, pigeon-chested, hollow-eyed, hump-backed, bow-legged, sallow, emaciated frames but we look now upon students of such Herculean mould enveloped in muscles that bulge out in such large quantities that even Longfellow's Village Blacksmith holds no place as a comparison.

Slowly but nevertheless surely the work of putting the athletic grounds in shape goes up steadily, untill tonight the committee in charge is proud to be able to submit the following encouraging report that after years of work in which hundreds of men have been employed, and thousands of dollars expended, and millions of naughty words been said, the aforesaid tennis courts at the rear and at the front of this not before said mentioned building, are no worse than usual. Plans are at present under way for the erection of a large Amphitheatre of out and dried glass, on the college camp-

us. According to present calculations it is proposed to build it after the style of the great Colosseum in Rome with a seating capacity for at least two dozen fans. Large umbrellas will be erected in case of rain in order to enable the knights of the gridiron to do battle for national honors whether it rains or pours.

Not content alone with looking after an athletic building of such enormous proportions, the present government intend to bury the old institute and over its grave to erect a monument in the form of a new building that shall cover thousands and thousands of square inches.

In order to safeguard the interests of humanity, officers will be posted at every table in the dining room to prevent any hungry freshman from cutting his throat when he swallows his knife. In case of broken hearts bandages will be furnished free of charge from the county's treasury, but warning is given that in all fierce engagements the combatants are restricted in the use of arms.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs throughout Europe and the world, the government has seen fit to increase its armaments by adding two more punts to its large navy and also strengthening its line of defences by placing a greater number of 10 inch pop guns and half inch pea-shooters along the border to the south in charge of Corporal Terry and Half-Master Horning.

For a long time a most serious and all absorbing question was engaging the hearts of all

the true Canadian statesmen. Mexico's rebellion attended with the financial loss that must of necessity follow, the struggle among the Balkan States where thousands of lives have been slaughtered, yea, even the Jeffreys—Johnson fight where thousands upon thousands of dollars were lost, sinks into the pale of insignificance in comparison with the struggle that has gone on for places at the coon table, but gentlemen the war clouds have passed, the massing of the clans of the McAllisters and MacGregors is over, the future looks Golden, Millar smiles at his Hanah and all is Wright.

Realizing the importance that is attached to the securing of the greatest minds of the age in order to instruct and train the fertile minds of the students of this supermagnifonious college and recognizing also that chemistry is at present one of the greatest of sciences, the government determined to secure the most capable teacher that was possible to be had to handle and dispense the precious liquids. Darwin and Huxley by their untimely deaths left the government still searching for the desired man. Every possible place was searched but without avail, when suddenly to the unexpected joy of the government N. J. Ireland B. A. loomed upon the horizon. Students are safe guarded during explosions, their lives are not risked by tasting poisons which are drunk by the Professor himself with the understanding that if the draught should prove disastrous he will not repeat the

experiment. Even the renowned Darwin we believe must smile up or down at him as he sees his work so carefully and successfully carried on by his Irish successor.

Not alone in science but in the great field of history has the government made improvements. Here again their wisdom has been evinced in their wise selection of the Honorable Mistress Young, B. A. to the chair in history. Not satisfied alone with mastering the great events in the world's history, she has made herself so familiar with the different movements past and present that she knows the names of Caesar's kitchen maids or can if asked give a full description of every one of Queen Elizabeth's 20,000 dresses.

Under the wise and able administration of the government the county's great national paper known at present by The College Times, has been resurrected from its hitherto insignificant position as a semi-monthly to the dignified position of a magazine of the first rank. It will consist of two parts. The outside and the inside. The outside according to present plans will consist of the cover. The inside will be devoted to the publication of the best product of the literary minds throughout the country. Already it has a circulation of over 2,000,000 owing to which fact merchants and manufacturers are bidding fabulous prices for advertising space in its coveted pages.

For years the natives of the surrounding district have had

their nerves distracted by the creaking sounds that have been emitted and the musical sounds that have been omitted by those who have been endeavoring to cultivate their voice. As before said the harrowing results that have attended the cultivation of the voice has impelled the present government to bring in a bill for the erection of a sound proof room with cement walls that cannot be cracked, where all aspirants for vocal honors will be incarcerated during practice.

The success of former years has resulted in a larger enrollment this year than ever before. Like a great light that draws all bugs to it from out of the darkness, so Albert has this year again drawn from the world of intellectual darkness an even greater number of students than ever before. From the east and the west, the north and the south above and below one hears the sound of the approaching millions who are seeking this the fountain of intellectual enlightenment. Through the wise policy of the government no distinctions are made but acting on the policy that was hinted at by the distinguished Shakespeare in his immortal poem, "Oh you Beautiful Doll," when he says "A man's a man for a' that," the government opens its doors to all.

In case the Home Rule policy is forced upon Ireland it is the intention of the government, whose sympathies are with the Irish, to send a bag of potatoes to the beleaguered people should siege take place.

ALBERTUS

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EDITORIAL STAFF, 1913-1914

DOUGLAS G. H. WRIGHT.....	Editor-in-Chief
A. RAWSON.....	Associate Editor
MISS M. YOUNG.....	Literary
MISS PEARL MACDONALD.....	Personals
A. J. MacGREGOR.....	Locals
MISS RUTH STRANGWAY.....	Exchange
CHARLES PHILIPS.....	Religious
ARTHUR B. RAMSOM.....	Athletics

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TERMS: 75 CENTS PER YEAR; TEN CENTS A COPY

Contributions should be sent to D. G. H. Wright, Editor-in-Chief "Albertus"; business communications to Sidney B. Stokes, Business Manager "Albertus", Albert College, Belleville.

EDITORIAL

DEAR OLD "ALBERT'S" walls again resound with life and activity for from all over the Dominion are gathered together, the fairest of Canada's fair and the pick of her budding manhood, to go forth in years to come, from her portals, fully equipt to meet the emergency of life.

The freshettes and freshies' hearts beating excitedly with hope and purpose, the lackadaisical sophomore wearing a cynical smile, experience of what he will do to the unsuspecting new-comers, when the light goes out. The staid and sober Senior with the inevitable frown indicative of how life's cares and burdens have already begun to press heavily upon him.

But in the freshman's expectations the sophomore's grin, the seniors frown, the student of human nature can readily detect

an underlying current of fixed determination to make good which acts as a mighty unifying power binding all classes by a common bond. This and only this is what makes college life a fitting commencement to a more abundant and fruitful after-life.

Those of us that are back enjoying a second or third term at Albert, miss many of "the old familiar faces." The students of 1912 and 13 are scattered from coast to coast filling pulpits, entering upon professional careers, or engaging in commercial pursuits and those that here remain extend to them wishes for a prosperous and happy future. Some miss Opposites, some Roommates, some Companions in fact all seem gone the old familiar faces.

Soon too we shall vanish from old Albert's walls. But let us hope, that in years to come, we may look back in happy retros-

pect upon the friendships formed and the year or years spent on the Bay of Quinte Strand.

—D.W.

--

ROBLIN'S MILLS FAIR

IN A LETTER that wasn't received from the Directors of the fair "The Alberts" were greatly thanked for their part in making the fall fair of '13 the greatest success in the history of the Directorate.

The "Albertus" had their own private clothes man on the scene to give a detailed report of events and we take pleasure in publishing in these columns the report verbatim.

It was indeed a great pleasure to see the careworn expression, due to burning the midnight oil while figuring out the vibration frequency of the 'major diatonic' or worrying over some equally mixed up stunt that helps to put one up another rung on educations ladder, *vanish* as the procession led by the scarecrow and the college trumpet band marched triumphantly through the main entrance to the fair.

Once inside the grounds all thoughts of books seem buried in the distant past. A lusty college yell proved how dear to the hearts of many freshmen present "Old Albert" was already held, to say nothing of the noise created by the seniors.

Mr. Box drew the crowd up before a refreshment booth and demonstrated by treating the

outfit to a cents worth of peanuts what a generous hearted piece of humanity he was.

A powerful speech delivered by the Hon. Sidney B. Stokes was another feature of the day. Loud applause greeted his final effort which ended in him plunging headlong, earthward, from a coal cart.

A number of the fellows have not as yet solved why they should be "put up" when their only apparent crime was speaking to the many fair ones present.

George Millar heard some one singing "come have a trip in my gas machine, he harkened to the call and seated himself beside her. Some one cried "BUNCH", then up he goes, up he goes.

The one big event of the day however that has both puzzled and amused "The Alberts" was the fact that "Great Big Lumb" got in on a ten cent child's ticket.

The reporter also handed in a number of as yet unanswered questions which we deign to publish.

What happened to Ransom? Who got the empty razor box at the shooting gallery?

How did Billy 'B.' and 'Hodge' get a corner on the "fair ones?"

Why did Everingham, and Elis get the muzzle of a shotgun pointed their way?

Who was chief of the fire dept. that so rashly drove the prancing steeds through the dense crowds?

How did Claude Root come to take "First Prize"?

Who was "Pinched" for auctioneering harness without a license?

Who did Pimlott take in the gate with him?

Who knows anything about "Bloomfield"?

Who nearly pushed Hughie Mac off the Band stand when he was delivering his inaugural address?

—D.W.

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OUR COLLEGE STUDENTS

THIS WEEK WILL WITNESS the assembling of some thousands of eager and enthusiastic young Methodist students at our different Canadian universities, some of them just entering upon college life, but more of them returning after one or more years of previous academic toil, and all eager to get the most out of the brief college life and all of them, we would hope intending that their college life shall fit them for better service for humanity than would have been possible without this training.

It is expected that college life shall fit men for wider usefulness. It is argued, and it ought to be true, that a properly conducted college course should widen a man's intellectual horizon and give him a better proportioned outlook upon life. It should destroy provincialism in its narrow sense, and give a wider clearer saner vision of things. It is too much to expect that it should make philosophers of all men, but it ought to make them so much of philosophers that

they will forever forswear the pettiness of view and action which marks small men.

And yet, while college life is supposed to broaden men, it is just possible that it may do the very reverse. It may lift a man out of a narrow circle only to place him in another scarcely less narrow. It may take him out of the narrow, and possibly uncultured, local circle to which he has been accustomed, only to place him in a narrow circle of educated and cultured humanity with little or no outlook beyond the horizon which is bounded by books. The student may become just as narrow and provincial in his way as the most conservative inhabitant of the most isolated hamlet.

The student must learn to know men as well as books, and no amount of other education can save from failure the man who does not understand men. There is undoubted tendency for the student to prefer books to men, and to imagine that the time spent with books is clear gain, while that spent with men is largely wasted; but if he is carried away by this thought the real aim of the college life will have been defeated. The grandest book ever written, full of divinest mystery, saturated with deepest, passionate life, burdened with infinite pathos and rising to the sublimest heights of happiness, never outworn nor outgrown, appealing to all races and all time, is the great book of humanity, and the most advanced student is he who can best fathom its hidden meaning

and interpret its mysterious pages.

Let the student master all learning which is available to him ; let him puzzle his brain with mathematical insolubilities let him wrestle until he is dazed with philosophical profundities ; let him master the languages until he can talk in their own tongue to Arab and Hebrew, Greek, German and French ; let him sweep the skies with his keen-sighted telescope and with his geologist's hammer unloosen the secrets of the rocks ; let him explore patiently, persistently, intelligently, and with the true scholar's delight, all the available avenues of knowledge ; but let him never forget that the greatest book of all, the most mysterious, the most important, the most helpful, the most charming, is that which is written in the hearts and lives of men ; and his own college chums may teach him things that he cannot learn from Plato or any other philosopher, ancient or modern.

And, above all else, the student should keep in touch with the old home and the old friends. No true education ever separate loving hearts. The old father may not understand Greek, but he loves his boy ; the mother may not know much about French or German, but she has done more for her girl than anyone else in the world ; and the right kind of education should never loosen in the slightest degree the ties which bind us to the old home. No college degree can ever ennoble the man or wo-

man who is dastard enough to be ashamed of his less highly educated loved ones. The heart should have its way, and the education that is really education will bind a man more closely than ever to his own kin,

Herein consists one advantage of every truly Christian college—it not only makes students, but it develops *men*. It aims to give, and in most instances we think it does give, Christian culture along with mental stimulus.—Christian Guardian.

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THANKSGIVING

BEFORE THE NEXT ISSUE of Albertus goes to press, another Thanksgiving day will have cycled on with the rolling years and will have become part of the misty labyrinth of memory.

Some will have had the privilege of journeying back to the old home town to be greeted at the threshold by a fond and affectionate mother, who after all is the *real* pivot about which all our lives swing. I care not whether the sweep be one mile or twenty five thousand. "You cannot get beyond the shadow of your own threshold." There to enjoy, not only the goose, turkey and many other viands which her deft and loving fingers have prepared, but more especially to feel once again that you are "*home*." Once more we can be just our plain unvarnished selves. Here people know us, we are understood, the very atmosphere

breathes sympathy. Methinks that in the final analysis this is one of the choicest reasons why Thanksgiving is so eagerly looked forward to.

Instinctively the question arises, from whence comes to us this Thanksgiving festival? Why was it instituted and by whom? What are some reasons for keeping up the festivities?

Harking back to by gone years we are confronted by one of the most pathetic instances which history records viz, the journey of the pilgrim fathers in 1620 from their comfortable homes in England which they loved with a deep patriotic devotion, across the tractless expanse of the mighty Atlantic to an unexplored wilderness. And for why? You say they loved England? Yes. They had good homes there? Yes. Then why leave? Simply the old old story, love of liberty and especially religious freedom which is so deeply engrafted in the Anglo-Saxon nature. The same love which forced the vicious John to sign the Magna Charta, now compelled this devoted band of 102 souls to dare old ocean's wrath and brave the untold hardships of a pioneer's life.

The story of their tempestuous voyage, of their arrival and spending the first days in the wilderness, is familiar to all. But perhaps you have forgotten the first Thanksgiving occasion.

The little band had barely time to erect their crude huts before the American winter burst upon them with all its fury. By spring their little store of supplies

had almost vanished. On a mound back of the clustered huts, one half had found rest during the winter. Winter leased them from her thralldom but soon, very soon, a sterner and more relentless foe threatened the existence of the remaining few. Starvation stared them with its lean hungry eyes. Would the Supply Ships be on time? Then were days of watching from the hills and nights of prayer and beacon fires. The last bit of flour was passed out, nothing remained, when far adown on the eastern sky was discerned a white speck. But none dare say it was a sail. Gradually, oh so gradually, it came closer. It was the ship. With one consent they fell upon their knees and fervently thanked God. That night along with the ship's crew they met in the Little Chapel and poured out their hearts in gratitude for this all comprehending providence. And as they retired, satisfied, the first Thanksgiving Day was ended.

But it was not till 1860 that it became anywhere a National day. And we are glad to say that in this Canada leads the world. The United States followed them three years later, and the custom has lost none of its old time charm, but has lost much of its original significance.

But this should not be so. One has but to think of the complete religious freedom of our day of our schools, our churches, our hospitals, and of our magnificent harvests and of the peace which we enjoy and contemplating the

whole we are constrained with
the poet to say :

"When all thy mercies oh my
God
My rising Soul surveys
Transported with the view
I'm lost in wonder, love and
praise."

--

THANKSGIVING —MAGIC

word which conjures up the
dear familiar sights and scents of
home! Back in the old home kitchen
the dear little mother is busy with her
cooking. This year the pumpkin pies
shall be bigger than ever and the tur-
key done to a very turn for the boy or
the girl who has been away at college.
Already she hears in imagination the
merry voice singing

My turkey 'tis of thee
Sweet bird of cranberry
Of thee I sing.
I love thee neck and wings
Back, legs and other things
To thee I sing.

But what about the one who cannot
go home? What about those to
whom the pies and cakes and other
Thanksgiving good things are but as
the stuff that dreams are made of?
What have the less fortunate ones to
be thankful for?

"Let my rich neighbor be thankful
as he spins off into the country in his
\$7000 motor" says the poor man
who has struggled all his life for a
bare living.

"It's all right for you to be thankful
going home" sighs the red-eyed little
Co-Ed. as her room-mate locks her
suit-case preparatory to leave taking
and leaves her friend behind in the al-
most deserted college.

Yes, lonesome little Co-Ed., yes,
poor struggling wage-earner, you have
much to be thankful for.

Think how many hundred times a
week you say "thank you" and feel
thankful for the trivial attentions and
common courtesies shown you by
those around you. Pause a moment
you who feel no prayer of thanks in
your heart to the great Giver at this
autumn tide festival.

—Miss M. Young.

--

"A WORD OF WELCOME"

THE ALBERTUS IS NEV-
er behind time in giving a
word of welcome to any new-
comers into our midst. Although
they are not strangers now, yet
this is the first opportunity, we
have had through this organ of
extending a hearty welcome to
Dr. Baker, Miss Young and Prof.
Ireland, as workers and leaders
in our college work.

Their position is a difficult one,
a responsible one, but the repu-
tation they bring in their various
spheres entitles them at once to
a high place in our esteem.

We hope they will prove to be
true teachers, who see not simply
a group of students who have
ability like a machine; but will
see their students as individuals
the slow, the backward, and the
brilliant, so that each student
may find himself through the
interpretation of his teacher's
personality and knowledge. May
their work be a great source of
pleasure to them this college
year is our wish.

—A. B. R.

Our Sports

LEGITIMATE MEDIUMS of expression for young and warm Canadian blood, the exhaustion of superfluous energy along definite and educative lines, the throbbing try outs for the great games of Life, the unceasing and searching tests for the Golden Rule and the Yellow Streak, the one best method of developing and perfecting our banner type. Long may the sports in all the varied branches be with us to brighten our college life lend vigor and vim to our bodies, lustre to our eyes and instil into the real us the love of "fair play" success in the pursuit of our loftiest ideals and dearest ambitions. Athletics are booming around old A. C. this year and by the time our Albertus bursts upon us in it's new fall suit of print we hope to have acquired many football, rugby and other scalps with which to adorn our wigwam. The officials connected with the Athletic Society in its various branches are as follows,—

President — Prof. Dan. A. Cameron. Secretary-treasurer—Mr. Geo. Millar. In charge of football association—Prof. E. L. Burrill. Rugby Mr. H. McAllister. Tennis—Prof. R.J.F. Staples. Hockey—Mr. Kurtz Primlott. Baseball—Mr. H. McAllister. Basket Ball—Mr. J. R. Maas.

The sporting policy for the year is outlined below.

To afford physical exercise and its accompanying mental and moral stimulus, for the whole student body.

To keep the games moving, according to season.

To endeavor to enlist the active co-operation of every resident and non resident student.

To arrange games with outside teams as often as practicable.

To make, by fair play, the best showing in all games played with outside teams.

To give every one a chance.

To give the best man and the regular attendant at practice first choice on any team representing the school.

To play no favorites.

To take a "Clean Sport" stand on all and every occasion or question.

--

One can see with half an eye, by glancing over the list of officials, that our success during the year is bound to be little short of monumental.

Association Football is making rapid strides under Prof. Burrill's direction and now that the season has opened so successfully and when his dramatic class tones and impressive presence are brought to bear on the team play seriously, mere words fail to adequately express our convictions as to their ultimate attainment.

Prof. Staples is attending to the tennis and is arranging to use some of the more portly residents in a rotary fashion on the court, with the idea of securing a smooth and pleasing surface for playing. Many have already volunteered but have been rejected as irregular subjects.

We are keeping Mr. Maas in

shape for the Field Day Sports in the spring and his famous 100 yds. by allotting to him the honourous duty of attending to the basket ball during the year. He can do it, and we hope that when the open air season closes that he will be kept busy arranging games in the gym. He will be, when we start the Table League.

Rugby seems to be a ferocious game to be in the hands of such a seemingly quite young man as Harry McAllister, but when Harry gets going, he's the right boy in the right place and has displayed splendid energy and judgment in working up the team to its present standard. There's nothing like a new interest in life to fire a young man to loftier endeavor. He will also have the pleasure of piloting the baseball team through to victory in the spring and of picking off hot ones over the plate in his same old skilful way.

When the hockey season opens Kurtz Pimlott will begin to line up our braves for the icy struggle; and surely with a name such as his should he rush down the ice followed by his trusty 6 and in stentorian tones shout "I'm Kurtz Pimlott Who are you?" all competitors for puck glory will take to the tall timber and leave him master of the rink.

We are always glad to welcome young men who have attained to some degree of perfection in athletics prior to entering the school and we urge them to give them best help and support to the games as arranged from time to time.

Just here is a point worthy of a few lines.

We have in the student body

many young men fond of a great variety of different games. It is not always possible to arrange practises and games to please every one, but if the student body will believe the arrangements from time to time made to be the best possible, considering the varied interests to be served, and such is always the case and will heartily join in and lend their aid along the plans outlined, a tremendous stimulus will be given to athletics in general.

Another point:

Even should a real live star in any game descend on Albert and bathe us all in his effulgent rays, that identical luminary will be expected to get out and help along the practises and endeavor to bring us up to a point approaching his own lofty standard, and not hide his radiant light waves under a bushel until game time, and then burst forth for conquest. The rule is "practice or stay under the bushel." The only exception we will make will be for Ty Cobb should he come to A. C. to take D. S. and possibly for Mathewson also, but even they would be requested to take gym. class and retire at 9.30 to keep in shape.

Our Gymnasium Class for boys is being conducted by Mr. Powers the physical director of the Belleville Y.M.C.A. and with his wide experience in the work we will have every opportunity of enjoying skillful and scientific physical training regularly, during the year. Many young men who come here and who have been engaged up to the time of entering the freshmen class, in hard work of some kind, look on gym. training as a "pink tea"

type of exercise. One must remember that the various exercises of the class are figured out by men skilled in anatomy and the arrangement of the muscular system and the movements are carefully planned to bring into play every muscle in the body. Work of various kinds has a tendency to call into action one set of muscles only and it is to counteract this one sided development and to bring into play muscles which would otherwise atrophy, that the gym. class is of such potent force. You can't be well in body and clean in mind without exercise of some sort. Get in the games or the class work and try to realize that a clean mind and an active brain are based on a sound well developed physique.

We look on our Field Day as the culminating event in sports for the year. It is held about the end of May on the college campus and consists of the usual tests of agility skill and strength in runs, jumps pole-vaulting hammer throwing shot putting, etc. for which prizes are secured from various sources. We have always in past years met with the greatest liberality in the way of suitable awards from the Belleville merchants and other kind friends, to whom we are duly grateful. Long may they continue to be so liberal minded.

Considering what little team practice we have had our soccer team made a superb showing against the High School Tuesday evening October 7, under the efficient guidance of Capt. Ransom, defeating our opponents by a score of 1-0. Mr. T. Fennel of the High School staff refereed most satisfactorily to all and there was in evi-

dence a most creditable spirit of fellowship and clean sportsmanship throughout the hour.

We were charmed to have the Lady Principal and her precious charges present at the game to lend a note of dainty color to the field and to inspire in our embryo knights the proper chivalric spirit to do or die for my lady's favor (puzzle which one is it?) May they be with us always as they are in thought.

The line up was as follows.

HIGH SCHOOL—

Morden (capt.), Ingram, Waterhouse, Rogers, Peppin, Berkely, Yeomans, Welsh, Rankin, Clarke.

ALBERT.

Box Richardson, Ransom (capt.). Batstone, Walker, Miller, Elgie, Rawson, McAllister, Marshall. Mair.

Heard at the game from the girls' line.

"Oh ain't it awful! George Miller ran right into that poor fellow and knocked him right down. I didn't know he was so rough."

"Isn't Goldie just a dear? He's just like Apollo only Apollo didn't wear a pompadour."

"Over there? O! Yes the red. (whispers) stationed where? (more whispers) Oh yes it is often the case."

On Saturday we had the pleasure of entertaining two association teams senior and junior from the Napanee High School, an event to which we have been looking forward for some time and unfortunately for us their junior team proved rather too much for Bruce Hanna's "Invincibles" running up a score of 4 to 1.

Religious Work

A SHORT TALK FROM OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT.

ARE YOU PREPARING for citizenship? What is your aim in life? Is it teaching, engineering, music, art, science, preaching or commercial? Whatever your purpose may be, bear in mind the fact that you are not only preparing for a definite work in life, but that you are also preparing for the greater responsibilities of a larger citizenship. It is the privilege of all to devote a part of their time and energies in preparation for the broader and richer life which one should live after leaving college. You are heirs to a great heritage. Your morality, your intellect, your appreciation of the pure and beautiful in life, has not been all developed in the few years of your life, but has been unfolding for generations and centuries under Christian influence. John R. Mott in speaking of our moral stamina in comparison with that of non-Christian nations says, "The men and women of China, Japan, Korea, Spain, India and Turkey and of all of Africa have not the power of resistance that we have in a country like this, as a result of our Christian heredity, and comparatively Christian environment, and the dominance of Christian ideals and institutions." Since we have received so great things, the world expects and has a right to expect rich contributions from us, contributions to the advancement of the world along all lines that are uplifting. The world and its creator expects us to contribute what we can, in thought, in fellowship, and in service.

Albert College has turned out, is turning out and will continue to turn out, noble men and women, to fill varied vocations in life. But it takes more than mathematics and science, language and literature, to make noble men and women. It is sympathy that puts the lustre on personality, and to enlarge your sympathies, one and all are asked to co-operate with us in mission study classes: Y, M. C. A. and prayer meetings. Be an active member of the army that is conquering ignorance and sin, that is establishing an international brotherhood, working toward universal peace. Throw the power of your being with this army and let your motto be "The World for Christ"

—C. P.

--

THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.

WE ARE PLEASED TO REPORT to the public, that the Y. M. C. A. of Albert College is making steady and progressive advancement in its year's work. This is shown by the willingness on the part of the teachers and students to help in the different parts of religious work which tend for the betterment of our College.

Our organization for the year is not yet complete but we hope to have a business meeting in the following week and complete the list of officers of the Y. M. C. A. executive.

The following is the list of officers appointed in the various societies of the College.

John Barberree—president of Y. M. C. A.

Charles Phillips—president of Missionary Band.

John Maus—president of the Philomathian.

Ernest Everingham—leader of Evangelistic Band.

Professor Cameron—president of Athletic Society.

Professor Burril—manager of Association Foot-ball.

Professor Staples—manager of Tennis.

Harry Mc Allister—manager of Rugby.

John Maus—manager of Basket Ball.

George Millar—Secy. Treas. of Athletics.

Claude Root—pianist for Y. M. C. A. —J. B.

--

Y. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A. WAS ORGANIZED on Sept. 13th. The following officers were elected:—

President, Miss Grosskurth; Vice-president, Miss Copeland; Treasurer, Miss Casselman; Secretary, Miss Egglesfield; Librarian, Miss Lumb; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edwards. Meetings have been held regularly on Saturday afternoons and have been interesting and helpful.

On Friday evening, Sept. 19, the teachers and former students gave a reception to the new members. Flowers and ferns and many college cushions and pennants gave a festive appearance to the drawing-rooms, and a short programme, games and refreshments made the evening pass pleasantly.

The motto of this association is "By

love, serve one another" and the aim is to make the life of each member a thing of truth and beauty. Another aim is to fit the members to fill more perfectly the places of responsibility sure to come when school-days are past.

We want this year to be more successful than any year the association has ever known. We want to see the Y.W.C.A. of 1913-14 realize the aims and knowing that it cannot be a success unless the members are faithful, we ask each girl for her loyal support in the matter during the year.

--

THE GIRLS' SOCIETIES

OUR ALBERT COLLEGE Mission Circle has started its work for another year, during which we hope to have interesting and instructive meetings. We desire that they shall be helpful in awakening, and maintaining, in all the students a spirit of true interest and loyal support of all missionary work. In order to realize this aim, we hope for the hearty co-operation of all the students, both in preparation for and attendance at our meetings.

--

THE EVANGELISTIC BAND OF A. C.

WE ARE BACK TO ALBERT for another year's training. We have enjoyed every moment of the time since college opening. During previous years the Evangelistic band has made remarkable progress in the efforts put forth to extend the kingdom of Christ among the students in our college. While we believe that this branch of the college is making

equal if not greater progress to that of previous years, yet, when we meet from time to time, we miss the faces of those whom we love and in whom we are especially interested. This does not include a few but everyone who does not attend our meeting,

which is held in room No. 3 immediately after tea each Friday evening.

"The Spirit and the bride say come, let him that is athirst say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

—E. E.

- -

For Auld Lang Syne

W. Beach is in Minnesota.

Charley Hewson is in Toronto.

Walter Beach is at Cedar Spur Minn.

Bert Watson is at his home in Nelson Ont.

O. Hargrave is preaching at Bobcaygeon.

Frank A. Phillips is teaching at penbeigh.

Clarence Cline is travelling Elpeda Ont.

Maitland Beard is at his home in Napanee.

Frank Armstrong is on circuit at Lanark Ont.

Lorne Beebee is preaching at Conifer N. Y.

Roy Smith is preaching at South River.

"Rev." Clinton McCarty is at Salvador Sask.

Bartlett is preaching at Cochran New Ontario.

Tommy Simpson is at Wesley College Winnipeg.

Prof. Douglas Dixon is preaching at Cordova Ont.

Mr. James Weir is attending Victoria University.

Miss Maud Ruttan to Mr. Joseph Way, June 18th.

Earl McPowell is teaching school in Saskatchewan.

Miss Margaret Rennie to Rev. Jas. Robinson. June 11th.

Miss Mabel Dyer to Mr. Allan Schryver. June 4th. Belleville.

Miss Gardiner spent the week end with relatives in Napanee

P. Daniels is taking second year arts at Victoria University.

Charley Wiley is preaching at Fort Stuart, and reports a good time.

Miss Margaret Dafoe to Mr. Paul Rockat. August 12th Toronto.

Miss Lorna Brown to Mr. John Ryan. October 8th. Montreal.

Miss Florence Thorndyke to Dr. Lyle Telford. September 3rd. Port Hope.

Miss Mary Stephens to Mr. Richard Wood. June 19th. Alameda Sask.

Miss Margaret Field (formerly teacher of expression) to Rev E. R. Elgood. July 16th. Oneida Parsonage, Munsey, Ont.

Miss Girlie Smith of Maple Creek Sask. spent a couple of months touring Europe this summer.

T. W. F. G. Andrews is taking theology at Victoria University.

George Dundas is taking second year arts at Victoria University.

Thaddeus Robinson is attending Harbord Collegiate Institute Toronto.

Miss Marguerite Patterson is in New York training for a nurse.

We are glad to learn that Miss Edna Dawson is improving after her long illness.

Miss Audrey Lusby has opened up an Art Studio at her home in Amherst, Nova Scotia.

Our Polymnian Society has not been fully organized as yet this year—more news from that quarter next month.

During the summer, wedding bells rang for many of our Albert College girls.

Dr. Campbell of Jamestown, N. Y. son of Rev. Campbell of this city, addressed the students on the morning of Oct. 14th.

Miss Vivian Marvin has resumed her studies at Victoria after spending several months in our Canadian North West.

We are very glad to know that Miss Mary Whaley has been successful in securing her certificate. She is now attending the London Normal school.

Mrs. Luck (nee Ethel A. Eeagen) who with her husband is spending a couple of years in Germany, is seriously ill. We hope for her speedy recovery.

The Recital in the city hall last month by Miss Tuite, was one of the best of its kind ever given here, and those who failed to be present missed a rare treat.

Miss Amy Robinson accompanied by her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Packwood of Bermuda, West Indies, spent a few days, in the College, visiting old friends.

Miss Jean Bonisteel, secretary for A. C. to Mr. James Dyer July 16th. Mr. Dyer has opened up a drug-store in Toronto and we wish for them all good things in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Page of Toronto were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Baker, and Rev. and Mrs. Stranguays also of Toronto, were the guests of Miss Gardiner on Tuesday Oct. 14th.

Rev. and Mrs. Amos Campbell of this city both of whom were former students of A. C., celebrated their Golden wedding in the Tabernacle church on Monday Oct. 13th. from 5.30 to 10.30 P. M. It was a great pleasure for their many friends to be with them upon this occasion and we wish for them many more years spent as happily as the past fifty.

On June 26th the College Chapel was the scene of a pretty wedding when Miss Helen Dyer, daughter of Principal Dyer, was united in marriage to Dr. Walter Dawson of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by her father assisted by Rev. Geo. Clarke of the Tabernacle Church in the presence of one hundred and twenty guests.

The Poets' Corner

POEMS GRAVE AND GAY

Loss and Gain

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have
gained,
What I have missed with what at-
tained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly
spent ;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned
aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise ?
Defeat may be victory in disguise ;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.
—Longfellow

--

Unanswered Letters

Those letters that I ought to write
Their haunting memory thrills,
Me with a vague uneasiness,
Like thoughts of New Year's bills
Too long I have neglected them.
And now I see them there,
All mutely looking up at me,
With a reproachful air.

They haunt me in my waking hours
They haunt me in my dreams.
I know to all my waiting friends,
My fault enormous seems.
I know I ought to answer them
My guilt I will allow—
Yet I don't feel like sitting down
To write those letters now.

—Somerville Journal

--

O haze on the far horizon
The Infinite tender sky
The rich ripe tints of the cornfield
The wild geese circling high
And far over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Yes, God Knows Best

Some time, when all life's lessons have
been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore
have set,
The things which our weak judgment
here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved
with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark
night,
As stars shine out in deepest tints
of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans
were right,
And how what seemed reproof was
love most true.
But not to-day ; then be content, poor
hearts ;
God's plans like lilies pure and white
unfold ;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves
apart—
Time will reveal the calices of gold ;
And, if through patient toil, we reach
the land
Where tired feet, with sandals
loosed, may rest,
When we shall know and clearly
understand,
I think that we shall say, "Yes, God
knew best."

--

My Prayer

"Let me so live that when the fi-
nal summons comes I may stand una-
bashed in the Great Presence and tes-
tify that I have never failed to speak
kindly to the distressed ; that I have
loved truth, beauty and little children ;
that I have dealt gently with frailties
of my brother ;—that I have done in
all things unto all men as I would that
they should do unto me."

--

"Oh, save my life !" the maiden cried
"I don't know how to swim,
He landed her upon the shore,
And then she landed him.
—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Look for Flaws

Don't look for flaws as you go through
life,

And if you happen to find them.
It is wise and kind to be somewhat
blind.

And look for virtue behind them,
For the darkest night has a tint of
light,

Somewhere in its shadow hiding,
And 'tis better far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the moon abiding.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Building

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows
Must our inmost self disclose,
Till in every arch and line
All our hidden faults outshine.
Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss.

That can be both foul and fair

Lo ! its name is Character.

Build it well whate'er you do !

Build it straight and strong and true,

Build it clean and high and broad,

Build it for the eye of God.

—S. S. Messenger

--

Astray

Whither my wayward bark is blown
I do not know.

I build my campfire on the sand
And watch it glow.

I see the faces in the flame

Burn forth and fade,

While threat'ning shadows black with
dread

My peace invade.

Soon I shall sleep beneath the stars

And haply rest,

And with another sun go forth

To some new quest.

—Percy McArthur

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“Did It Ever Occur To You” That—

You and I are in a hilarious mood. Aren't we? And the reason is, that the exams are getting closer and closer. Isn't it? And you and I just love writing exams. Don't we? We have celestial joy in filling our fountain pens and craniums as full as we can, and spreading the combined contents over as much surface as possible. Haven't we? Our work is in a fine state of chaos, we mean. But we delight to double ourselves over our tables and cram till our vertebrae sets in a hunch, and our eyes see double. Don't we? And our subjects are so interesting. Our notes are so legible. Our texts so fascinating and short. But we should really care. Shouldn't we?

—

Druggist to A. Co. co-ed:—Would you like the soap scented?

A. Co. co-ed:—No thank you, I'll take it with me.

—

A Compliment for the Other Side

The girls' melodious voices soared high on Monday morning last about 8.30 a.m. when a “fellow student” of theirs arrived. They certainly are deserving of congratulation for the effusive welcome given her which proved conclusively that they really are the “life of old Albert.”

—

One Freshman to another:—Say Williams did you get next the College yell the girls gave on the campus? I didn't think they had one did you?

—

Mystery Explained

Every since Young delivered his compulsory unpromptu speech on a trunk in Gaul's room, where he said an angel called him to Albert, a great deal of mystery has surrounded the incident and all have been quietly wondering just who or what the angel might be. But Sunday night let the “cat out of the bag” when Young appeared at West Belleville Methodist Church with his angel, a winsome faced one with a beautiful “Red” halo of hair.

Their Patience Was Rewarded

One afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. They advised him that they were anxious to be married just as quickly as possible. The minister, an extremely methodical man, replied that he regretted that he could not, at that moment, comply with their wish; but that, immediately upon the conclusion of the service, he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony.

The lovers after some demurring seated themselves in ill-concealed impatience till the discourse should be ended.

When the minister had finished his remarks, he cleared his throat, and made the following remarkable announcement:—

“The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of hymn 415, “Mistaken Souls that Dream of Heaven!”

—

Applied Mathematics

I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the Hypothenuse,
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called Isosceles,
Of course I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make gray matter more elastic—
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and Trapezoid,
I wonder?—yet it seems to me
That all the *Plain Geometry*
One needs, is just this simple feat—
Whate'er your line, make both ends
meet?

Anne W. Young in Harper's Magazine

—

Described

TOMMY: Pa, what would you call a motorcycle?

Pa: A motorcycle, my son, is an ordinary bicycle driven crazy by an overindulgence in gasoline.



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“Did It Ever Occur To You” That—

Jimmy's Excuse

A school teacher in a rural district required written excuses from parents, for absence or tardiness.

She received the following:

“Please excuse Jimmie for his absence on Friday. He had an attack of Cholera and Fantum; by doing the same you will greatly oblige,

“Little Jimmy's Mother.”

--

Needed No Coaching

“How are you getting on in mathematics?” asked a Toledo father of his son and heir.

“Fine, sir.”

“Give me an example.”

“Well, sir, I borrowed ten cents from Frank Smith for nothing. I loaned a nickel of it to Charley Brown and charged him a nickel for the use of it. The nickel I had left loaned to Frank Smith when he needed it badly, and charged him the dime I owed him for the use of it. He paid me back and so did Charley Brown, so I've got fifteen cents ahead. I'm getting along with mathematics all right, sir.”

--

Too Much to Ask

A certain Irishman living in New York owns a number of tenement houses on the East Side in the Jewish district. One day one of his tenants, a little, short, wizen-up Jew, called at his office to make a complaint.

“I tell you, Mister Murphy, I am goin' to leave it your flat.”

“Sure, now,” answered Murphy. “and what is the trouble?”

“Vell, I tell you dere's too many rats in dot flat. Vy, only yesterday I kills eight!”

Murphy jumped to his feet in anger, and bellowed forth: “An' 'tis rats, is it, that is bothering ye? You lave thim rats alone! What do you want for eight dollars a month? Hunting privileges?—Everybody's

No Insinuation

A lady teacher during a nature study period was endeavoring to explain “fertilization” and in dwelling on how the bees and wind carried the pollen from one blossom to the other, said for instance, class when two fields of corn, one pop corn and the other sweet corn are side by side, often times the pollen dust of one is transmitted by the bees or wind to the other, the result is that one cob of sweet corn is frequently half pop corn.

Student Soden:—Please when that corn is cooked, is it hard?

Teacher:—Yes, pop corn will not cook as readily.

Soden:—I was just wondering if that was the kind of corn we had last night for tea.

--

Question—Where was Stokes, when the lights went out?

Answer—Roped to the bed and well stretched out.

--

“The poet” Acheson to Editor:—
“What has become of that poem
“The Turtle Dove” I sent you?”

Editor: “I've placed it in a pigeon hole.”

--

Too Realistic

An old farmer drove into a small town the other day and stopped at the country store. An Edison Phonograph had just been installed, and the farmer decided to have a few cents' worth of music. The clerk handed him the ear tubes, placing them in proper position, and immediately started the machine. The farmer instantly dropped the tubes and rushed to the door, crying:

“Great snakes! Hold on a minute, will ye? There's a gol-darned brass band a comin' an' there ain't anybody aholdin' my horse.”

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“Did It Ever Occur To You” That—

The Curate's Text

Among clerical anecdotes is that of the vicar and curate who had quarreled, and the curate was requested to find some other congregation to minister to. He, therefore, preached his farewell sermon, and the parishioners came in crowds to hear him.

“My text,” he said, “is taken from the moving story of Abrabam. ‘Tarry ye here with the ass, while I . . . go yonder’ !”

--

No Chasing

Jeweler—This ring is 5 shillings more than the plain one on account of the chasing. Buyer—But you won't have to chase me. I'm going to pay for what I get.

--

Prof. I—Class, what is velocity?

Br—k C—Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.

--

A rumor to the effect that Go-d-e E. has taken over the agency for “American Beauties” has not as yet been denied.

--

Canvasser (to freshman) —Are you taking the Albertus this year.

Freshman: No, I have enough subjects already without any more.

--

Prof. X. Y. Z.—Well Mr. Ma-s. how many could you do?

John R. M.—I can do what I did, Prof.

--

“I UNDERSTAND you speak French like a native.”

“No,” replied the student; “I've got the grammar and the accent down pretty fine; but it's hard to learn the gestures.”—*Washington Star*.

College Yell

Brekekekex, coax,
Choka, chalunx, chalunx, chalax.
Hoorah! hoorah! hulla baluff,
and hulla balong.
We're Albert College baluff, balong,
Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble,
Sis, boom, bah!
Albert College! Albert College!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who are we?
We are the
A—L—B———E—R—T.

--

Degrees Conferred by His Excellency:

Goldie Elgie, O. Y. H.—Oh you hat.
Charles Roche, H. H.—Hew Haw.
Bruce Hannah, N. G. D. T. T. Y.—No girl down town this year.
Albert Young, G. A.—Gabriel's Angel
Terry, F. A. E.—Fat as ever.
Horning, A. A. F.—Almost as fat.
C. N. Gaul, G. N. B. G.—Gaul Not by Gaul.
Arnold Taylor, C. L. H.—Canada's Last Hope.
Jack Steveson, I. T. T.—Irish through and through.
Norman Rawson, A. O. T. M.—Always on the move.
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